RECORD

55

1955

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Published Quarterly By the Frances Shimer School. $2 a Year in Advance.

Vol. 23. Mt. Carroll, Illinois, December 1931 No. 2

THE RECORD STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Irma Van Buskirk
Literary	Melva Mercer
	Janet Frissell
	Lillian Borop
Poetry	Helen Mellor
Humor	Virginia Maginnis
Book Review	Jessie Alice Woerfel
	Mona McCarthy
Athletics	Marana Halstead
Clubs	Verona Zilisch
News	Margaret Allen
	Marjorie Sherman
	Gertrude Yeomans
Vespers	Adeline Salmon
Art	Helen Young
	Marion Strahl
Business Manager	Marjorie Miller
Advertising Manager	Cara Mae Keller
	Jane Crum
Circulation Manager	Lucille Gray
Proof Reader	Elaine Wallace

Faculty—

Miss Justine Van Gundy
Miss Mary O. Pollard
Miss Ruth Skellie
Miss Elizabeth Moeller

LITERARY

Christmas Prayer

Lord, the earth is a blanket of snow today. The air is crisp and cold. In our candle-lighted churches and our gaily trimmed homes we look out upon the cold from the shelter of the warmth within. We forget in our own self-sufficiency the suffering of others. Today, all over the world are desperate and hungry human beings, sore at heart over the lack of tolerance from us who are more fortunate.

Teach us, oh, Lord, to be more tolerant, to be considerate of others. Give us a broader understanding so that we may cast off our petty prejudices, our narrow-mindedness.

Let us be content with our material possessions that greed may not tear us asunder. We have so many things for which to be thankful,—a rose-tinted sky at sunset, a bird singing at dawn, the thrilling tones of a majestic organ.

Today, Christmas Day, show us how to be less arrogant, that in our humbleness may come peace. We would do all this, God, so that the sacrifice of Him, whose birthday we are celebrating today shall not have been in vain.

A great thanksgiving now rises up in our hearts for Him who has lighted the way. Amen.

Mona McCarthy, College '33.

Simeon

This, then, is the tale that is told of little Simeon, the shepherd lad who saw the Christ-child . . .

Many a year ago, a slim lad lay on a hillside in far-away Palestine, looking up at the stars. He lay on the ground by his father, a dark, grizzled man, who was talking eagerly to other shepherds about things which a young lad could not understand. Now and then he would hear words which puzzled him greatly, "the promised Messiah," "the deliverance of Israel," and such like, but his thoughts turned to his pet lamb, and her shivering out there in the cold with the rest of the flock. And Simeon, for that was the young lad's name, rose of a sudden and went and brought the wee lamb, and lay down again with her wrapped next to him in his warm cloak. He lay close to his father's feet, his head on his arm, and listened again to the shepherds' talk.

"I tell you, Malchias, it must be that He is the Messiah. Didn't you see the little face of him, and the light that shone from it? Didn't you see the way He stretched His tiny hands to us in blessing?"

"Father," Simeon raised himself on one elbow, "Father, I want to see the little Messiah. Can't you go again tonight? I must see Him, father."

"But listen, Simeon, we cannot leave the flocks again tonight. This morning we saw the tracks of a great wolf not far from here. It is only a miracle of Jehovah, that they were spared last night, when we were gone!"

"Father, from my bed last night I could see the sky all bright with lights. Was that the angels you were speaking of?"

"Yes, my son. It was the light from the angels who announced to us the Christ-child."

"Father—"

"Yes, Simeon."

"Father, you took gifts to Him?"

"Yes, Simeon, we took Him three lambs."

The shepherd turned back to the others, and began to talk with them, but Simeon rose presently, and slipped away, pressing his lamb close to his body, under his cloak. He passed over a little knoll, and was alone. And the full moon rode high behind thin scudding clouds; the small stars glinted now and then, before the wind threw the clouds over them. And the wind moaned and whistled about the gnarled bare trees and withered bushes. Simeon pulled his cloak up tighter, hugging the lamb. Somewhere out across that darkness was the tiny stable where lay the Christ-child and His mother. Soon he would strike the road, and follow it into Bethlehem. There it was, its cold stones gleaming white in the wavering light of the moon. He turned down it, and trudged along, humming a little song.

For a long time the shepherd lad walked over the smooth, hard pavements, beneath the cloud-swept moon and the flickering stars. The wind grew colder, and penetrated even his warm woolen cloak. The tiny lamb shivered and bleated, pressing her hard little head against his body. Surely he should be almost there, now. He had been walking for hours, and no gleam of lights, only the barren hills and the tossing moon, now far across the sky to the west. Who would have thought it was so far? He rubbed his cheeks with one hand. His nose felt cold as a penny. And everything was so big and empty—there was nothing in the world but wind. One tear rolled slowly down his face and fell almost audibly on the head of the lamb. He pushed her back, and pulled the corner of his cloak up over her. It was so late. Perhaps he should go back, after all.

Something was coming down the road. Perhaps it was robbers! His father had said something once about robbers on that road. Why hadn't he stayed at home? Maybe he was only imagining it—but there it was again, slow hoofbeats echoing against the stones, growing louder when the wind died down. Now they were closer.

He could see a dark shape coming over the hill. Should he run? But there was no place to hide. And robbers would be dashing along on ragged horses, not riding slowly, on an ass. Not robbers, with only one small ass! The lamb dragged so at his arms, and he was so sleepy . . .

Now they were close. There was a man leading the ass, and a woman seated upon it, with something in her arms.

"It is a little boy, Mary." The words came to him, hesitantly, torn by the wind. They stopped beside him. The woman kept stroking the ass's shaggy neck with one hand.

"Poor little lad." The woman's voice was strangely gentle. "Why are you out in all this cold? Where is your mother?" Her face shone softly in the moonlight, and she pressed the bundle in her arms to her breast.

"I wanted to see—" Simeon choked. The tears were running down his cheeks. Why couldn't he tell her about the Christ-child, and his wanting to see Him? But he sobbed, and clasped one arm about the neck of the man, who knelt beside him and pressed him to his rough woolen shoulder. Then the words came.

The little Christ-child—I wanted to see him!"

"But He is here, my boy." The man lifted him up. "See, there He is."

The woman turned back the corner of the dark bundle which was in her arms. And there lay the little Christ-child, sleeping. His tiny face glowed with the light not of the moon, nor of the frozen, crystal stars, and in His sleep He smiled softly. Simeon thought of the sunshine when He smiled. Then the woman covered His face again, and herself smiled at the boy, who laid his head on Joseph's shoulder and closed his eyes.

"Where is your home, my son, and who is your father?"

Simeon murmured the place sleepily, and relaxed in the great arms with a little drowsy sigh.

The next morning Simeon woke to find the sun shining full in his face, and his mother bending over him. He stretched himself slowly, and from under his cloak came a faint bleat of protest. He looked about him dazedly, then suddenly he remembered. He had forgotten to give his lamb to the Christ-child!

"But He has three lambs," his mother reminded him, "and besides, they could not possibly carry all those lambs with them to Nazareth, on the ass's back!"

Simeon smiled up at her. Her hair was all loose, and lay tumbled on her shoulders. Some of it brushed his face. He shivered and laughed up at her merrily. It had tickled so—!

Helen Young, College '32.

Katie

Katie's rolling pin was vigorously pushed back and forth over the soft dough, and then tossed aside as she deftly picked up a cookie cutter and began to fashion shapes in the flattened mass. The screen door leading into the kitchen banged, and Katie turned around to see who her visitor might be. A small boy shuffled across the linoleum rug, leaving muddy footprints behind, and paused beside Katie, who had resumed her work. She patted little pieces of the dough and then with a few cuts of her sharp knife made the outline of a man. She placed raisins on his face for eyes, nose and mouth.

"Gee, Katie, you're making cookies, aren't you? I believe I'll stick around awhile. Do you know any good stories?" The boy walked across the room and settled himself on a comfortable looking rocking chair by the kitchen range. He then waited in an attitude of expectancy for the forthcoming story—and the cookies.

Katie good-naturedly looked at the boy and went on making cookies. After a time, during which the boy patiently waited, Katie sighed and remarked, "Vell, Davie, I can't tink of any goot stories, but did I ever tell you about de cake vat I make for de vinner of a basket ball game at de Frances Shimer School?"

Davie shook his head and remarked, as he searched his pockets for some plaything, "Go on and tell it."

Katie buttered several pans, put the cookies into them, and crossed over to the stove. She placed the pans of cookies in the hot oven and then began her story:

"One day, a good many years ago, when I opened first my lunch room I heard some of the Frances Shimer girls talking about a basket ball game which was to be played. While I vent from and back to the kitchen, I hear vat they say, and a cake I promised to the vinning team. The girls were pleased and said dat I must see the game. I said, 'Ach! never in my life did I see a game.' But dey vouldn't take no for an answer. After a vhile I said dat I vould go. Vell, the day of de game I make me one of dem angel food cakes, and den I frosted him with fudge icing."

Davie smacked his lips, and Katie looked in the oven but the cookies were not sufficiently baked.

She then continued, "The night of the game I take my cake and vent to the gymnasium. Never vas I to a game before, but I sits down near the door. The place vas filled mit girls. There vas two girls dressed in red and white, and they gets out in front and waves their arms up and down. I didn't know vat dey tink dey are doing, but, anyway, dey make enough noise. After awhile a man vid a vistle runs around and vatches

some of the girls tear about for de round brown ball. Once in a vile it would be tossed through a net, and den how some of dem girls would cheer! I gets real interested and begins to understand it a little ven one girl tell me a little about de game. Once when der vas nothing doing these same two girls comes out on de floor and I hear one say 'Fifteen rahs for for Katie! Let's make 'em big!' Den dere vas some more shouting and I hear 'Katie' at the end. It comes to me dat dey must be yelling for me, but a lump comes in my throat and I could only sit der."

Katie pulled a handkerchief out from the pocket on her apron and carefully wiped her eyes, which had become blurred as she told the incident of years ago to Davie. "Yah, Davie, dat vas a great moment for me, but I vas glad to come home ven it was over. My cake I gif to the de vinners and dey sure vas pleased. I don't guess but vat dey have forgotten Katie, but I'll never forget those cheers vat dey gif for me."

She paused a moment and then hastily grabbed the handle of the oven door and took the browned cookies from the oven. After they cooled, she gave Davie several of the cookie men. Davie muttered an unintelligible thanks since he was already enjoying the cookies. Katie smiled to herself as she sampled a cookie man.

Lucile Gray, College '32.

DAWN

The pale stars lose their twinkling brilliance now,
And rosy-fingered dawn comes from her sleep.
The morning star alone defies the call
Of day, and lingers through the break of dawn.
Aurora shows the world her irridescent cloak
And strews the path of Phoebus with her flowers;
Then golden comes the strong bright light of day,
And shows to all the kindly way of life.

Helen Sleight, Academy '32.

NIGHT

A warm and friendly envelop;
A cool, refreshing draught;
A mourning cloak, a shroud,
A shade,
A refuge . . . And I,
Alone but yet companioned
With myriad fears,
Triumphs,
Thoughts . . . and still
Enfolded in the mystic night's embrace.

Dorothy Harrison, Academy '33.

Christmas Day With Grandfather

Just at the end of Main Street in a little Iowa town is a great old house of grey stone where my grand parents live. It is in this old house that the scene of my happiest Christmas day is laid.

I was but five years old, and Grandfather was close to seventy, but the merry twinkle in his kind, blue eyes, and the little crinkles that appeared when he smiled soon bridged that gap between our years. He held me upon his knee, and told me tales of Santa Claus—the beautiful palace of ice in which he lived, the nimble reindeer which drew his sleigh at lightning speed over all the world in one night, and the wonderful toy factory in which he and Mrs. Santa Claus made toys for all the good little boys and girls. Each time Grandfather finished a story, he squeezed my hand and smiled at the wonder and contentment in my eyes.

Then Grandmother called us to dinner, and I sat by Grandfather, of course. What a dinner it was! The table was groaning under its load of turkey, cranberries, pumpkin pie, and all those delicacies which tempt the appetite and ruin the digestion of a small child who is prone to indulge in over-eating.

After dinner, Grandfather brought out the nutcracker, a black iron dog which had always fascinated me. When his tail was raised his mouth opened. The nut was placed in the mouth, and the tail was dropped, thus closing the mouth and cracking the nut. I loved to work the nut-cracker, so Grandfather and I cracked nuts for the whole family that afternoon. While we were busy with the black dog, Grandmother passed around huge baskets and dishes heaped with all kinds of fruit, cookies, and candies.

At last I grew tired, so Grandfather took me up on his lap again and resumed his tales about Santa Claus. My eyes grew heavy, and I leaned closer and closer against his breast until my little body relaxed in peaceful slumber. Drowsily I was conscious of tender hands which carried me upstairs, and tucked me into a huge feather bed. I remember faintly that some one kissed me softly on the cheek, and tiptoed from the room. That was the end of a perfect Christmas day.

Marjorie Miller, College '33.

DAWN

The dawn is creeping over blue-grey hills,
Upon whose slopes the tears of night still lie.
The heavens are slowly turning red and gold
Until the golden ball appears at last
To roll its way across the morning sky.

Betty Blackman, Academy '33.

Resolved

The maddened swirl of snow and sleet beet against the window panes and slid down the smooth glass to the sill below. So still and monotonous was the motion that the minutes blended into an uninterrupted half hour, during which time Jon sat with his gaze concentrated on the yule-log that burned in the great fire-place. He was trying earnestly not to feel sorry for himself, yet inevitably his thoughts returned to a crumpled figure, and with clenched fists he repeated his solemn vow.

The day before, the ski-jump had been officially inaugurated and that very morning competitive jumping had begun. Until ten o'clock the hill had been thronged with people and the clear atmosphere carried the joyous shouts of the on-lookers to the nearby forest, from which came an almost continuous echo. A little before noon, however, a northerly blizzard surprised the enthusiastic antagonists and drove the whole crowd into the large chateau at the foot of the incline. Even the intense disappointment that might have been brought about by such perverse weather could not have aroused the feeling of hatred which burned in Jon's veins and caused his head to throb violently.

Clearly he pictured the winter sports at Quebec the year before, and with agonizing vividness he saw Tom at the top of the slide ready for the jump.

"I'm with you, old man," he had muttered and patted him joyously on the back. "You'll come in first and I'll take second. We'll make a record."

Tom had smiled confidently. Then: "Good luck has always come to us together."

He sped forward, faster,—then his skis left the ground. He had complete control of himself and with the greatest ease he held his position. Suddenly Jon groaned, as if he, before anyone else, foresaw the impending catastrophe. At the bottom of the hill lay an inert figure, a mere speck to those at the summit of the jump.

"I shall never ski again without Tom." This was his first reaction; a pledge to his friend and a vow to himself. And so it had happened that for a whole season Jon had given up this glorious adventure which caused every muscle in his body to react to his commands. In vain had Tom coaxed, pretending that soon he could discard the odious crutches and, in a few years perhaps, resume the strenuous sport. But Jon remained firm and immovable, resolved to keep this tie of loyalty which bound him so closely to his friend.

That morning, to satisfy an impulsive notion, Jon had gone to his room and taking his skis from the closet had strapped them on. The sensation had been one of intense gladness, and then shame; he had felt as if he were a traitor and he had longed to confess his faithlessness to some one who would punish him accordingly. His emotions had terrified him, yet with steady hands he had placed the skis on the wall with the other relics of abandoned sport; a hockey stick, a pigskin covering, a javelin. Then he had been glad, but now the reality of the situation overwhelmed him and the recollection of that year of almost absolute inactivity seemed unbearable. Vaguely from the labyrinth of his thoughts came that whole-hearted response for which he had struggled so earnestly: "It would be difficult to give up skiing, yet it would be more difficult to start the jump without Tom."

Little did the snow and sleet matter to him; little the clear reverberations of steel against wood, and wood against encrusted snow. Rather, now, the thrill lay in the keen whistle of the ships that docked and left Quebec so regularly, for perhaps their way held more joy and satisfaction than he had derived from sports. It would be lovely at Chillon now, with the clear waves against the sides of the castle; but more beautiful would be Interlaken and beyond it the Jungfrau!

Margaret S. Allen, College '33.

BOOK REVIEW

Maid In Waiting

by

JOHN GALSWORTHY

In his new novel, "Maid in Waiting," John Galsworthy at last forsakes the Forsytes, though Michael and Fleur still flash in and out of the story. It seems to be difficult for Mr. Galsworthy to quite take leave of the Forsytes.

Dinny, the principal character, is told that because of her unselfish and generous nature she would make a good lady-in-waiting, whence the title. Dinny, however, is a trifle too self-sacrificing to prove an entirely satisfactory heroine. We prefer the more unstable and scintillating Fleur. The story deals not only with Dinny's unselfishness but with the general attitude of Englishmen striving to uphold the ideals of their class. Dinny's brother, Hubert Charwell, while in charge of an animal transport for the American explorer, Hallorsen, kills in self-defense, a Bolivian native. Hallorsen, in a book, condemns Hubert's actions. Because of Bolivian pressure the English authorities hold Hubert on a charge of murder. Hubert, a conscientious Englishman and a soldier, refuses to make any moves in self-defense. It is then left to Jean, his wife,

and Dinny to rescue him.

From the opening sentence of the book until the last the atmosphere is well sustained. The story essentially is a study of national types, a contrast between the rugged American culture and the traditional English one. However, the story is rather weighty, and seems to be over-charged with meaty material. Galsworthy's incident of the insane captain husband of Diana Ferse could well have been a story all its own, or else omitted entirely; the psychological effect is not quite clear. The manner in which Captain Ferse meets his death is a breath-taking episode and is worthy of deeper attention than could be given in this novel.

The book, though not quite up to Galsworthy's standard, is still a most welcome novel, and is well worth reading because of his sharp analysis of manners and morals.

Mona McCarthy, College '33.

The Shaw-Terry Letters

Edited by Christopher St. John

The correspondence which passed between Ellen Terry, the famous English actress, and George Bernard Shaw, is perhaps one of the most unusual communications which has ever existed. Each refused for a period of years to meet the other, fearing that the brilliance and love which had sprung from their letters might be dimmed or shattered by personal acquaintance. Shaw says in one of his epistles that "long and intimate correspondence can occur only between people who never meet one another. Talking, hampered by material circumstances, is awkward and unsatisfactory after the perfect freedom of writing between people who can write." So it happens that through letters we see the innermost character of a great actress as she never dreamed of showing herself, as well as the more private history of the London stage at the end of the last century.

These two people remained always at their best for one another, creating a relationship to which they could turn for stimulation, refuge, or recreation. Ellen Terry is vivid, sensitive, and graceful in her correspondence, while Shaw in turn is clever, brilliant, and adoring. A mutual admiration and respect explains the beauty and perfect understanding of their friendship.

Shaw remarks in the Preface: "Let those who complain that it all was on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, truth, virtue, knowledge, beauty, and abiding love." So it must be.

Margaret S. Allen, College '33.

THE SHIMER GIRL

with apologies to Whittier

Blessings on thee, Shimer girl,
Thou whose small head's in a whirl!
With thy free and jaunty walk,
And thy light nonsensical talk;
With thy innocent girlish smile
And thy eyes so clear of guile;
With thy thought of which team wins,
Loyal to thy fraternity pins;
With thy gown so sweet and bright
That the campus it makes light;
With thy hat so far pushed back
One would think thou didst it lack;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by Tangee's last refill;
With thy lovely wind-tossed locks
Hennaed red to match thy socks;
Thou whose fingernails so red
Almost might awake the dead;
Underneath thy worried frown
Wond'rest thou whom to have down?
As thou studiest at thy Psych.,
Doest thou muse whom best to like?
Starting life off with a whirl—
Good luck to thee, Shimer girl.

Dorothy Jourdan, Academy '33.

RAIN

It patters on the window and the roof,
Then louder like the sound of tiny drums.
I rush into the whirl of beating rain,
And every drop is like a stinging dart.
The tempest sings a wild and ringing song
To all the earth . . . and then the rain is gone.

Priscilla LaPelley, Academy '33

ANTICIPATION

I have a little lavendar gown
To wear to the ball tonight;
'Tis long and full—it sweeps the floor,
And it fits my waist so tight.
I'm going to wear my black lace gloves,
And tiny black earrings, too;
And soft against my cheek I'll wear
The flowers, the roses from you.

Marjorie Miller, College '33.

EVENTS

Tony Sarg's Marionettes

Almost as delightful and as fascinating as the operas "William Tell", or "Lohengrin" were the two performances given by Tony Sarg's Marionettes on Tuesday, November 3. How easily one lost herself in the engaging characters of "Alice In Wonderland", those miniature puppets whose actions deceived one's eyes and whose realism stimulated and controlled one's imagination! Indeed, the clever, alluring theme of Lewis Carroll's story afforded an ideal background for those tiny, sensitive personages, and with an unbelievable consequence they stepped into the roles of Alice, the White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, the Mock Turtle, and the other characters. It is hard to fully comprehend the utter enjoyment and satisfaction that may be derived from such an entertainment unless there is an underlying appreciation of such an accomplishment.

In the evening "The Rose and the Ring" was enacted. The original theme was written by William Thackery, and it was his intention to enliven the dreariness of everyday life by a light and mirthful comedy with a happy ending. What splendid heroes and heroines the tiny marionettes made! They entertained one royally, calling forth laughter by their inane jokes and provoking sympathy by stumbling into all kinds of unfortunate situations.

These diminutive creatures whose talents are so highly developed live in a world of their own, dependent upon the ready genius of a super-man. Yet in their firm, wooden bodies we find latent a tangible and concrete personality that has grown out of one special role; a personality absolutely essential to the success of their finished presentation.

"The Show Off"

"There's nothing can be done about anything, Clara —when once the main thing is done. And that's the marriage. That's where all the trouble starts—gettin' married." And Mrs. Fisher, a kindly old woman with a temper which sometimes runs away with her, finds that her words are true when she tries to settle all the difficulties in her unsettled family. Dorothea Scheaffer, as Mrs. Fisher, held her audience with variations of amusement, sympathy and tenseness, all through the evening. The occasion was the presentation of George Kelly's play "The Show Off", by the Dramatic Club of Frances Shimer on Nov. 23.

Betty Wahl, as Aubrey Piper, who becomes Mrs. Fisher's son-in-law, so cleverly enacted the part of the authentic egotist, that at the end of the play, Aubrey made his audience like him in spite of his annoying personality.

Much of the theme of the play centers around Mr. Fisher, who makes his audience so fond of him that the audience grieves with his family over his death. His keen sense of humor and very human reactions were well portrayed by Emily Turnbaugh.

The part of Amy, Mrs. Fisher's daughter, was skilfully taken by Dorothy Horrocks. Her marriage with Aubrey Piper, based only on love, compared with the marriage of Clara and Frank Hyland, founded on all qualities, minus love, forms the plot of the play.

Eleanor Jensen took the part of Clara, Frank Hyland's wife, the charming, well-dressed, dignified woman. She held the admirations of her audience during the whole performance.

Frank Hyland was played by Dorothy Smith. She made a very dignified, well-poised man. It was Frank Hyland's kind generosity which made it possible for Amy and Aubrey to continue their married life.

Joe Fisher, a boy of about seventeen, played by Priscilla LaPelley, made his audience like him immediately. They were pleased with him and his family when, through an invention on which he spends all his spare time, he achieved fame and a fortune.

Mr. Gill, a factory man who happens into the home when he brings Mr. Fisher's lunch box and hat, was well personified by Lillian Borop.

Jessie Alice Woerfel played the part of the smooth insurance agent, Mr. Rogers, performng the pleasant duty of delivering a check for $1,000 to Mrs. Fisher. The part was well played.

Much of the success of the play was due to the work of Marana Halstead, stage manager. Marjorie Miller handled the work of business manager very creditably. Emily Turnbaugh was technical director. Ramona Allen planned the costumes and Jessie Alice Woerfel managed the lights. Ruth Britton, Dorothy Harrison, Helen Mae Koon, Myra Alice Warner, Marion Strahl, Verona Zilisch, and Elaine Norton, all members of the Dramatic club, served on committees.

Prentiss Jubilee Singers

President Wilcox had a surprise for us in chapel on Tuesday, November 17. A quartet from the Jubilee Singers of Prentiss Institute in Mississippi entertained us with a number of delightful songs. Their harmony in the well known spiritual, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" was especially pleasing.

The Banner Fight

What causes more excitement than the thought of fighting for the banner? All during study hour the night before Thanksgiving, a group of college girls worked to put up the College banner between McKee and College Halls. The Academy banner was hung just below the eaves on the front of West Hall. At nine o'clock a huge bonfire was started in the middle of campus, and the glorious, crackling flames lured everyone, students, teachers and even some of the townspeople, to the center of campus. It was College's fire, and all the college girls danced around singing and yelling. The academy girls stood around the group and did their best to out-yell College.

Suddenly, someone threw in the fire a cleverly-made effigy of Academy, and College gleefully watched it burn. Academy, not to be outdone, brought out an effigy of College. Then came a terrible struggle. College would not let Academy near enough to the fire to put in the effigy, and the figure was torn to pieces which were flung into the flames one by one. During that struggle a couple of crafty academy girls tried to get the College banner by climbing a tree. They proved to be excellent tree-climbers, but they were unable to pull down the banner. The air rang with the excited shouting and cheering of the onlookers. The nine-thirty bell ended a thrilling celebration which for Shimer was an entirely new stunt, one which everyone hopes will be repeated every year. All the girls went in, Academy determined to get the banner the next day, and College determined to keep it.

Thursday, the academy girls were out early with great hopes of getting the banner, but it had been moved far out of the reach of any tree-climber. There was little excitement in the morning, for Academy was planning methods of attack for that afternoon. When the time came, College discovered Academy's tactics, for one daring academy girl appeared on the roof of McKee Hall with the idea of sneaking to the banner when the college girls were not looking. However, all the windows were carefully guarded, especially the one to which the banner was fastened. Late in the afternoon the conflict ended, with both banners still waving bravely aloft.

The Thanksgiving Service

At 12 o'clock on Thanksgiving Day the students and faculty of Frances Shimer gathered in the chapel to commemorate in thought and song the true meaning of this national festival. The address given by Dr. Wilcox was a most timely one, contrasting the humble attitude of the American people on this Thanksgiving Day of 1931 with our smug complacency of other more prosperous years. If for nothing else, we might well be thankful that these days of stress have awakened us to a truer sense of values. The new attitude is expressed in various Thanksgiving Day proclamations from which Dr. Wilcox read selections, concluding with the Proclamation of President Hoover, which so aptly expresses our genuine humility and our feeling that we have indeed much for which to be truly thankful.

Thanksgiving Dinner

The dining room of the Frances Shimer School on November 26 was changed into a scene exhibiting all the festivity with which a Thanksgiving dinner can be celebrated. Long tables, decorated with bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums and lighted tapers, which cast a soft glow over the room, added to the formality which a Thanksgiving dinner merits.

The customary procession into the dining-room was headed by faculty members and trustees, followed by the students, the seniors bringing up the rear, carrying Nebby, their mascot, and singing their song to him. The delicious dinner itself was beautifully served and a mood of happiness prevailed which found expression in a delightful program of songs.

The program opened with the College Sophomore Class song, followed by all the class songs, intermingled with songs of Shimer and state universities, and a number of very clever surprise songs. The College Freshmen sang their song asking for Frankie Frosh, which Lucy Anderson presented to Ramona Allen, expressing the hope that he be of as much help to the new Freshman class as he had been to the preceding one. The "Frances Shimer Alma Mater" concluded the traditional Thanksgiving dinner which every years seems to us more enjoyable than the last.

The Freshman Prom

The climax of the Thanksgiving Day festivities was reached in the prom sponsored by the College Freshmen. At 7 o'clock the girls and their guests were received in the beautifully-decorated gymnasium by Miss Thorson, sponsor for the class, Ramona Allen, class president, and

a reception committee from the class. Effective decorations in orange and brown completely transformed the room, making it a world of enchantment. Delightful music for dancing was furnished by a seven-piece orchestra from Freeport. A number of trustees and many out-of-town guests were present.

Miss Hostetter Conducts Vespers

Miss Hostetter gave an extremely interesting talk on Frances Wood Shimer at Vespers Sunday night, November 29. A sketch of the life of Frances Shimer written by Mrs. William Parker McKee was read, as well as a number of her own themes, written when she was a small child. Frances Wood was a great lover of nature and of animals. Mrs. Wood died when Frances was very young, and she was then sent to Stillwater Academy, but in all her two or three years stay at school she confessed she was horribly homesick and longed for her own home. The themes which Miss Hostetter read showed some well thought-out childish philosophy, and to us they seem very mature for so young a child. Mary Turnbaugh and Helen Mellor in quaint old costumes gave a dialogue originally written by Frances Wood and Belmia Lutherun, on housewifery.

As Frances Wood grew older she saw the need for higher institutions of learning for women. With this ideal in mind she and one of her dearest friends, Miss Cinderella Gregory came to Mount Carroll where they had been informed there was great opportunity for work in this field. The journey west was a difficult and tiring one, for the means of transportation were poor and the entire distance from Janesville, Wisconsin, to Mount Carroll had to be traveled in a crude wagon.

Soon after her arrival here Frances Shimer and a committee of townspeople drove over the neighboring countryside in search of a suitable location on which to erect the buildings of the school. In 1853 the doors of the school were first thrown open to young girls who sought a higher education. There were twenty-five students when the school began. Frances Wood and her helpers had many hardships to overcome, but in spite of the difficulties of establishing a school in a small town of the Mid-West, in a section of the country unknown to her, Frances Wood strove with amazing energy to accomplish the task she had set before her. She longed for the pine trees she had left behind in her New England home, and for this reason she had planted the pines and larches which now adorn our campus.

Frances Wood married Dr. Shimer of Mount Carroll. At the age of seventy-seven Mrs. Shimer retired from the position she held as president of the school which now bears her name. Miss Hostetter's talk on the life of Frances Shimer has made us feel that we really know intimately this woman from whose dream and achievement we benefit so richly today.

Dr. Wilcox and the Glee Club

On Sunday night, November 22, Dr. Wilcox talked on the building up of cities and of their destruction. This has been a theme long used by the poets who have since the days of the Bible, written songs about great cities. Dr. Wilcox read several selections which show how often this topic was used by ancient writers. In the forty-eighth Psalm there is shown the beauty of the city of Jerusalem which grows old and wealthy. It finds a rival in the Assyrians who are bent on its destruction. Then comes the misery of the people after the ruin of the great city. This was shown in Psalm seventy-nine and other psalms and laments which Dr. Wilcox read. The Glee Club of Frances Shimer led by Miss Wallace and accompanied by Mrs. Ross Hostetter at the piano, sang a Motet by Charles Gounod, expressing the longing which the Jews felt for their ruined city. Dr. Wilcox read more selections about the fall of Jerusalem, telling of the pining of the people for their homes and lamenting the toil and drudgery which they were experiencing. Finally these people, driven from their own city, wrote of the ideal city—a city in the glory of God. In his closing words Dr. Wilcox said that it was almost impossible to escape the evils in our modern cities but that, as citizens, it is our duty to make our cities beautiful and noble, and worthy of being called our homes.

Dr. Foster at Chapel

All who heard Reverend Allyn K. Foster last year eagerly looked forward to his coming this year, and we were very much delighted to see him at chapel on Saturday, November 7. His sincere, sympathetic nature and keen sense of humor appeal greatly to his audience, while his rich philosophy helps us to get the best out of life.

Dr. Foster at Vespers

At the Vesper service on November 3, Dr. Allan K. Foster of the Baptist Board of Education, talked on the artistic ordering of life. He said that a person's life

was much like a picture drawn by an artist; in order to create a beautiful life we must work on three fundamentals: idea, feeling, and form—much as does the artist in creating his masterpiece. By idea Dr. Foster meant a central and common theme of some great truth. This great truth must be of decided purpose and importance, for all minor things in the end give way to the most important ideas. Dr. Foster said that nothing can be made out of pure logic and that feeling, the second of the fundamentals, is based on logic but reaches out beyond and has no explanation. The third of the points given was form—that by cultivating idea and feeling, one's life and personality can blossom forth much as a rose unfolds from a bud into a full-blown flower. Dr. Foster especially emphasized the fact that one should expose himself to the beautiful things in life, to common feelings, to be thrilled and to express one's emotion. Dr. Foster's message aroused in us all a determination to try to shape our lives so that they may be full of beauty and service.

On November 7, the division of the Outdoor Club under Miss Baxter, spent the evening swimming and playing basketball. Refreshments were served later.

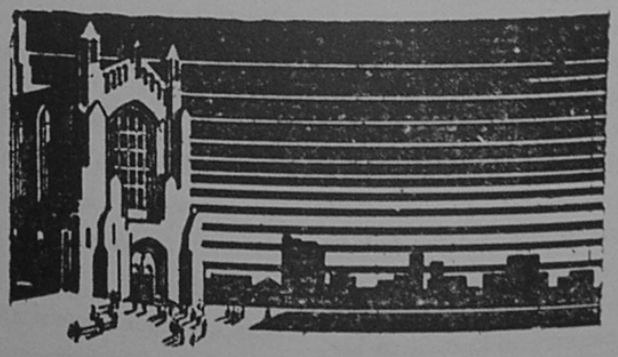
The devision under Miss Terry, left at four o'clock to hike to Smith's Park, so that the new girls could see the park in daylight. The girls cooked their supper over an open fire and spent the evening sitting around the fire singing songs.

The greater part of the second meeting of the Dramatic Club was devoted to preparation for the three-act play, "The Show Off", which the club presented on November 23. The members of the cast for the play practised, others worked on properties, and others practised applying make-up. There was a short business meeting and refreshments were served.

At the meeting of the Art Club on November 7, Miss Moeller spoke and demonstrated to the club the principles of "Color Combination". At the close of the evening refreshments were served.

Mary Coleman and Elizabeth Folz led an interesting discussion on Paris, at the second meeting of the Travel Club. The informal meeting was held in College Hall, before the large open fire-place.

On November 7, the Stitch and Chatter Club held its second meeting in West Hall Lounge. Dr. Foster, who spent the week-end of the seventh in Mount Carroll, spoke very informally. Some of the girls played bridge; others sewed and read. A fire in the fire-place added to the sociable atmosphere. Willetta Bishop, Frederika Meyer, and Shirley Plous entertained.



SPORTS

First Swimming Meet of the Year

Much excitement prevailed before the College and Academy met for their first swimming meet of the year, which took place Saturday evening, November 14.

On the fateful evening many girls, faculty and townspeople met in the gym to witness the aquatic events. Academy led by their captain, Gertrude Yeomans, circled the pool and dived into the deep end of the tank, forming a perfect letter A. College soon followed, led by their captain, Helen A. Young. They entered the pool with a seal dive, forming a fountain in the middle of the pool, out of which they slowly swam, using the side stroke.

Many events followed including the free style, Australian crawl, breast stroke, plunge for distance, side stroke, scully and racing back. Among the most interesting events was the obstacle race, which consisted of carrying a lighted candle the length of the pool and swimming in a night-gown.

Another interesting event was a race between a College and an Academy girl to see which could retrieve the most objects from the bottom of the tank. After much swimming around the two girls came up almost simultaneously with the same number of spoons.

The beginners' class gave a very interesting demonstration. All were surprised to find how far the girls had advanced in such a short period of time. A few of these girls even braved the deep end of the pool to show what finished swimmers they had become.

A beautiful exhibition of diving ended the swimming meet. The final score was announced, 27 to 29 with the Academy as victors.

The teams were as follows:

College	Academy
Young, H. A. (Capt.)	Yeomans (Capt.)
Horrocks	Wahl
Maginnis	Bruce
Buckaloo	Sleight
Crawford, J.	Goldberg
Schaeffer	Salmon
Warner	Dean
Britton	Jensen
Newlin	Harrison
Subs—	Subs—
Strahl	Meyer
Porter	Green
Richardson	Mooney

Thanksgiving Hockey Game

If the swimming meet caused excitement the hockey game made an uproar. Both College and Academy were bound to make Thanksgiving their victorious day. However, they both had a good day with splendid weather for their combat.

The hockey field was lined with spectators at 9 o'clock on Thanksgiving morning to see the great event. The College team came streaming from the gym first to form a large letter C in the middle of the field. They broke and ran to their different positions to make room for the Academy team which was making its gallant entrance in the form of a large letter A.

The whistle blew. Everyone was in place. Ground, sticks! Ground, sticks! Ground, sticks! The cheers for both teams resounded through the clear air, and the ball was in play. Every person on the teams was alert and ready for action, every guard ready to defend her goal, every forward to carry the ball through. It was a marvelous game, exciting, clean and fair. The Academy fought hard for her three goals, as did the College for her four.

College vows that they owe her victory to Maginnis, who carried the ball through to the goal safely four times in succession, to Mellor, whose dribbling could not be excelled, and to Allen, who protected the College goal from many Academy balls.

Academy owes her three goals to her teamwork. Did you see those passes? They certainly had that game planned out. We only hope that the ensuing games of the year will be as exciting and interesting as the Hockey and Swimming meets. We all say, "May the best team win."

Line Up

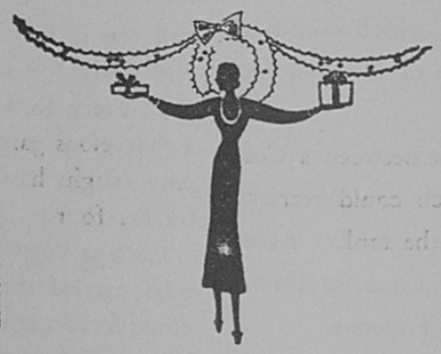
College		Academy
Mellor	R. W.	Plaut
Richardson	R. I.	Koon
Maginnis	C. F.	Wahl
Waring	L. W.	Lemon
Bell	L. I.	Avery
Gray	R. H.	Salmon
Halstead	C. H.	Harrison
Keller	L. H.	Jensen
Turnbaugh	R. F.	Goldberg
Allen	L. F.	LePelley
Warner	G.	Yeomans
Subs—		Subs—
Van Buskirk		Greene
Porter		Haeger
Anderson, Louise		Plous

Sport Shorts

Now that the Hockey season is over we are all looking forward to Basketball. We seem to have some pretty good material in both Academy and College, and if we have good material to start with, Miss Jaynes can certainly make it better.

Miss Jaynes also hopes to work up an interest in Volleyball. If people turn out for this as they have done for Hockey and Basketball, College and Academy may have another chance for competition.

Dancing, hiking and swimming make up the other athletics of this season, and the winter sports will follow as soon as we receive some snow. Although other sports may enter in for a short time, swimming continues through the whole year. There will be another meet next semester. Well, College and Academy, you know what you are up against, and what you have to work for, so go to it!



HUMOR

The Midnight Ball

Down the hall they're sneaking,
Down the hall they're creeping,
Down the hall they're going,
Going, to the midnight Ball.

Pajamas striped and streaked,
Pajamas green and pleated,
Appear from behind the portals
Down the hall.

The hall was dark and gloomy,
The hall was long and spooky,
As the girls crept by the wall
Down the hall.

Closer, closer came the prowler,
Came the lanky midnight prowler
Looking for the green pajamas,
And the striped and streaked pajamas.

Closer creeping, squeeking, creaking,
Came the lanky stranger creeping
Down the long hall came she slinking
Looking for the midnight Ball.

Who's behind that door? she thundered
Come out you who blundered
And report to Proctor
Down the hall.

Louise Anderson, College '32.

Sweet and Low Downs

If the moon had a baby would the skyrocket?

Miss Weidlein has perfected a machine that cures insomnia. This should put thousands of sheep out of work.

What city is called the windy city because one's head may so easily be blown off there?

What's happened to "Pinaz"?

What teacher got up at five of seven Tuesday?

Who serves delicious coffee in College Hall?

Who manoeuvered the spot lights Thursday?

Where goes faculty "of nights"?

Who is the proud originator of the whale or Wahl laugh? Why? How? And where?

Song to the dress suit heard at the Freshman prom—"I know you belong to somebody else, but tonight you belong to me".

Bug House Fables

Emmy announces that the same subjects will be given for term papers for the next five years.

Shimer girl tips waiter at the Sugar Bowl.

Shimer girl refuses to appear before House Committee.

Big athletic girl admitting that she does not deserve letters she has received.

College student writes to dad (and really means it): Dear Dad, No pap, I don't want a new fur coat this year. They're too common. Last year's old one will do.

Great Personalities I Have Known

A clean boy from the Freeport laundry.
A live wire from the telephone.
A hot shot from Mt. Carroll battery company.
A fast boy from the railroad office.
The sophisticated boy from the district high school.

Can You Imagine---

Jan Thayer weighing ninety-eight pounds?
Jane Crawford with straight hair?
McKee Hall noisy?
College Hall without a radio?
Ann without her horse back riding list?
Dorine with long hair?

Frissell with ruby lips?
R. Allen with bobbed hair?
Horrocks having nothing to say?
V. Marshall without food?
Esther Johnson reducing?
Dorothy Jourdan without questions?
Everyone contributing to the Humor section?

Anyone contented with her new dinner place?
Miss Thoreen without "Axel"?
West Hall without a teacher or proctor?
House Committee *real* bad?
Shimer without Colonel?
Harmony in Dearborn?
"A plu-parfect day"?
Miss Peter's clog-dancing?
Miss Pollard roller skating?
Miss Van Gundy *really* angry?

In the gym on Thurs:
West Haller: "Did you see that chandelier sway?
"Don't be foolish, that Frenchman can't dance."

"Climaboard," said the pirate captain; so the captive walked the plank.

Sophomore: "We're having a three-piece orchestra for our next dance."
Junior: "Yes?"
Sophomore: "Yes. Piano, player, and bench."

If the Academy hockey team gets any worse than it is, it will be called Farcety.—*Submitted by Academy.*

"Mine your own business."
"What do you think I am—a gold digger?"

June: "Can dogs really appreciate scenery?"
Renee: "Yes, certainly, but a St. Bernard has a much more elevated sense of appreciation than a Dachshund."

"I didn't mind the test, but I can't stand the aftermath," said the student who had just flunked her mid-semester in Algebra.

Frosh: "Please, Mrs. Gray, I'd like to buy one of those things you write humor with."
Puzzled Mrs. Gray: "I don't think I quite know what you mean."
Frosh: "I guess you call it a humidor."

Polly: "Did you ever hear of Wilson?"
McKinnon: "No."
Polly: "Taft?"
McKinnon: "No."
Polly: "Cleveland?"
McKinnon: "Is his last name Ohio?"

The absent-minded secretary came home tired after a long day at the office. She bowed her head at dinner to ask blessing and all was quiet: "This is Miss Skellie speaking," she began.

Miss Peters: "I'm letting you go ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes."

Virginia Dimond says, "A song without words is what opera singers seem to render."

Miss Ruby Baxter (telling story to two-year-old Winifred Wilcox): "And what do you think the big bear said to Goldenlocks?"
Winifred: "Scram!"

Fran: "Remember those husking bees my folks used to have?"
Beverly: "Yeah—I have the hives, too."

Jane Buckaloo: "I read in the RECORD about Shimer traditions. What are they?"
Miss Pollard: "They're something that used to be but aren't any more. and are still trying to be."

Miss Hostetter: "Are you glad you changed courses?"
Junior: "Yes, indeed. I like my new course so much better. The text only costs ninety-eight cents."

"Why so much mail today, Mrs. Gray?"
"Well, the National Correspondence school is having a pep meeting and they've mailed each student a bonfire."

Miss Cozine: "Did you have any stage experience before?"
Jessie: "Yes, I had my leg in a cast once."

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you may di—et.

"Say, Emmy, this Louis XVI History is too difficult."
"Well, would you like something about Louis XII?"

Miss Pollard: "What do they mean by the eternal war between blondes and brunettes?"
Miss Weidlein: "Chemical warfare."

Frosh: "What's the idea of carrying two boy friends down to the prom?"
Waring: "Oh, I always carry a spare."

A Quality Product

For Health and Beauty
eat MORE BUTTER

and be sure it's made from Pasteurized Cream Only!

Mt. Carroll Co-Op. Creamery Co.

PRINTING . . .

Like education—is the inseparable companion of achievement.

Let It Aid You

Freeport Printing Company

FREEPORT, ILLINOIS

Clothes of Compelling Interest
for Men and Young Men

Advanced Styles - Better Tailoring

Prices that Fit Today's Purse

Carroll County's Leading Clothier

Kraft-Kessler & Co.

Mt. Carroll, Ill.

MUSIC IN EDUCATION

Recreates the Mind

Harry and Arthur Culbertson

contribute during the 1931-32 season

THE LIEGE STRING QUARTETTE

imported from Belgium for this season only to

THE FINE ARTS SERIES

of Frances Shimer School

Address
HARRY CULBERTSON
5525 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago

FIRST CARROLL COUNTY STATE BANK

Capital and Surplus $226,000

Complete Banking Service for Faculty and Students

The Daily Mirror-Democrat

belongs to Shimer as much as it does to Mt. Carroll. You will always find campus news in its columns.

AND REMEMBER

. . . our Job Department is equipped to handle all of your printing needs.

Supplying Dealers Outside of Chicago

with

FANCY FRUITS and VEGETABLES

Since 1883

ROBERT WATT & CO.

38 South Water Market

CHICAGO

JEWELRY

Inexpensive But Good!

You will find an endless variety of inexpensive novelties in our stock of Jewelry. And remember, we are quite as particular of quality in the selection of novelties as in other lines.

E. L. KNEALE, *Your Jeweler*

Drs. Mershon & Petty

Physicians and Surgeons

311 N. CLAY ST., MT. CARROLL, ILL.

Office Phone Black 174

Residences:

Dr. Mershon, *Black 170* Dr. Petty, *Black 174*

Let Us Restore the Gloss, Lustre to Those Soiled Garments of Yours

BY OUR NEW CRYSTAL PROCESS

Freeport Dye Works

PHONE MAIN 2767 FREEPORT, ILL.

FOR DECEMBER . . .

Our Special School Portraits only $2.98 the dozen

Sword's Studio

All Kodak Films Developed FREE

Coffee Our Specity **THE COLLEGE INN** *Also Cold Drinks*
THE HOME OF GOOD SANDWICHES---PLAIN OR FANCY

HORSESHOING
Is Not One of Our Specialties . . . But
We Do Developing and Print Your Films
Harold R. Eaton

Sandwiches
Home Cooked Meals
ICE CREAM OF ALL KINDS
Boyd's Cafe

WHEN DOWN TOWN
Stop at the
SUGAR BOWL
Fountain Service
Sandwiches
WE DELIVER

Sipes Apparel Shop
Dresses Shoes Hosiery
Lingerie Accessories
Always Something New . . . Not Expensive
Every service rendered you will be in the spirit of expressing any winning good will, and to stimulate your preference to do business with us.

Reedy & Emmert
Mt. Carroll's Leading Grocers
Most Complete Stock in the County
Special Attention Given to Quality

Dr. Ritenour
Dentist
Hours: 8 to 12 a. m.—1 to 6 p. m.
Mt. Carroll, Illinois

Modern Rooms *High Class Meals*
Smith Tea Room
203 North Main Street
Prices Reasonable
Special Orders Given Prompt Attention

Johnson & Rummel
Quality Meats
A Clean Shop and Clean Stock
Ind. Phone Black 116 Mt. Carroll, Ill.

When you are down town yourself—or when your parents or friends are visiting you, you can't go wrong by
DINING AT
Frahm's Cafe
Fountain Service *Rest Rooms*

Dry Goods *Ready-to-Wear*
O. H. Martin Dry Goods Company
North Side Square Mt. Carroll, Ill.
Novelties *Fine Footwear*

An Unusual Display of Suitable Gifts
Including Silk Underwear - Fine Handkerchiefs
New Hats - Novelties
REEVES HAT SHOP

"Thoroughly Modern"
Hotel Glen View
The Best Place To Eat In Town
D. C. KNEALE, Mgr.

It is with Pride

we point to

Campbell Memorial Library

Sawyer House

The Gymnasium

As Products of the Organization of

YOKOM

CONTRACTOR

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Frances Shimer School

Junior College and Preparatory School

SEVENTY-NINTH YEAR

Mount Carroll, Illinois

EMPHASIZES the general education period from the eleventh high school year through the Sophomore year in college.

UNITES these four years in a comprehensive four year Junior college.

PROVIDES instructors with both high school and college teaching experience.

ASKS a single all-inclusive fee which pays for all except purely personal needs. No laboratory or other fees of any kind. Private lessons in music, art, speech, dramatics, without special charge.

PRESENTS a distinguished record of service and opportunity to secure the highest type of education in a truly Christian and cultural atmosphere.

POSSESSES equipment of surprising completeness and efficiency. Twelve modern buildings including four residence halls, science building, music hall, and new gymnasium.

Address

For catalogue and information address

F. C. WILCOX, President

FOR MANY YEARS

FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL

Has been Served
with Satisfaction

BY

B. A. RAILTON COMPANY

GROCERS

CHICAGO, - ILLINOIS

Compliments of

Mickelberry's Food Products Company

PACKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS